MRS. CLEVELAND'S COTTAGE.

Mrs. Cleveland may or may not be a good

ull bloom.

Occasionally there is the figure of a woman

across the top, above which the characteristic face is just visible. Unless an intruder appears upon the scene his eyes are not raised

om the papers that crowd him for desk room.

assive forehead above the grill-work railing

nursery playing peek-a-boo with

you may be reasonably certain that he is out driving with his wife or upstairs in the

another girl.

A new board walk has just been laid from the

prising if a picket fence is built round the

Carriage people arrive in the village every

day and either cannot or will not see the pro-hibitory sign boards forbidding all trespassing

on private property. It must be stated in jus-

orders and drive wherever they are told. But

notwithstanding the blissfulness of ignorance and the apathy of invalidism, Mr. Cleveland's

family is constantly being annoyed by the pro-miscuous use of the drive about the cottage.

"Joe" Jefferson Talks About the Drama.

night enjoyed the subtle wit and charming

much more elaborately and carefully wrought

nterest of the play, however, for I do not be

lieve in making the spectacular effect so promi-nent that real art is thrown into insignificance.

By this I do not mean that the spectacular and the sensational, in which much of the drama of

today deals so largely, have not their uses and mission to fulfill. The theater-going public is

and to please all there must be all sorts and conditions of the drama, which serves its good

is not degrading. We cannot give the people all pure, refined, intellectual comedy, for they would not have it. If we are to give this style only, we should not be doing an educational work among the masses, but instead we should be de-

priving many classes of healthful entertainment. The same thing applies to all of the

arts. As to the decline of the drama—so ready a theme now—I would say that in every branch of art there can be distinctly traced periods of depression and elevation. The one comes from a surfeit of the other. Recall the time, for

example, when Shakspeare was laid aside for 'Tom and Jerry,' 'The Bleeding Nun' and many

more such atrocities in the drama, and Gay's 'Beggar's Opera,' with a Newgate thief for the

leading role, was drawing the musical world to the theater where the inspiring strains of Mozart's and Weber's operas before had held

attention. The revulsion invariably comes in

the drama and music, as it does in literature

painting, journalism and so on. Pure comedy is not dead by any means. 'The Rivals' is as

much appreciated now as ever, and is being given in better style tonight than when I was a

The Old Kaiser and Russia

In the memoirs of the late Count Von Room

just published in Berlin, our correspondent

there says, there are some interesting letters o

the late Emperor William, which show how

great was the sympathy of that monarch with Russia, and what difficulties Prince Bismarck

must have had to overcome before he con-cluded the Austro-German treaty in 1879. On August 18, 1877, when the Eussians had suf-

fered defeat after defeat at the hands of the Turks, the emperor wrote: "You judge me rightly in supposing that I am deeply moved by the reverse of the Russian army, and that I

them little reward for the enormous sacrifices of life-blood, and all sorts of expenses. And who knows what the congress (of Berlin) will yet squeeze out of them in Armenia and on the Danube. It is a great honor to Germany, and especially to Prussia, that this congress is to meet in Berlin in order to enable Bismarcd to attend. But to me personally many a bitter hour will thus be caused, for my part is that of an arbiter, and such an one cannot please everybody." The bitter remark says our cor-

everybody." The bitter remark, says our cor-respondent, proves how farsighted was the old emperor. The breach in the close friendship of Germany and Russia dates from the Berlin

young man."

From the London Daily News.

arpose in its own way, provided that its style

No one, perhaps, at Ford's Opera House last

rom the Baltimore Sun.

The spell of the woman is over it all.

Pretty Little Home That Attracts Passe

From the New York Herald.

assersby curious.

From earl

sunny

as a faithful cierk.

with it." Dr. Greygrey looked up from his practice so they can adopt him as family phywriting at these words, but before he could rise the speaker had closed the door and departed with no further remarks. But Dr. Greygrey is a young—" But Muriel had forgotten understood that those few heralded the to listen and heard but little of what coming of some exceptional personage the doctor said during the rest of the drive.

and were intended as a gentle hint to him. A The pale olive face, the slender figure, bending few moments later he was saying to the matron:
"The doctor often brings his friends down, she had tried to obliterate. She remembered you know, but he never said anything before-hand, so this must be something special. I that face. She was only eighteen then; her would like the place to appear at its very best.

I hope the sun will come out bright; that makes such a difference, you know." The matron nodded assent and then hurried off to make certain by an extra round that everything was at its "very head come this man. He was her hero, she endowed him with all virtues and crowned him with all the laurel wreaths her imagination could weave. His love for her was never spoken but showed itself in a hyadred. extra round that everything was at its "very never spoken, but showed itself in a hundred best." Meantime Dr. Greygrey returned to ways and with no fear of the future. his office to read, but his reading on this par- one thought that he loved her and that that ticular morning was considerably interrupted by the frequent looks he cast at the window to see if the clouds were lifting. He was rather young, very proud of his hospital, and wanted every one to be as much pleased with it as he was: beside, he wanted to please Dr. Bronson.

Most people wished to please him.

Dr. Greygrey was not the only person who watched for the sun, for as Dr. Bronson drove around paying his professional calls he kept a a sharp lookout on the clouds. "She is so sensitive." he said to himself, "and feels little things so strongly that I want it to be bright and cheerful when she first sees the hospital." The doctor was in the habit of bringing his friends and acquaintances down to the hospital, for few people who knew the doctor did not become interested in him, and it was next to impossible to be interested in him without being interested in his work also. Hardly a week passed that he did not show a number of visitors through the wards. But he had never before been so anxious about the impression that the place would make. In fact, as he acknowledged to imself, he had never wished so much to any one as he now wished to please Miss Mor-ton. Up to this period in his existence he had found it a very easy matter to make people like him, for the gods had bestowed their gifts on him with a lavish hand. To a fine type of manly beauty they had added a brillian mind, an unusually sweet, genial dispo-sition and an abundant supply of this world's goods. His practice had already reached generous proportions, but he still kept his place on the visiting staff of the Broad Street Hospital. He was devoted to his profes ot so much absorbed in it that he did not find time to mingle in the gay society of the capital. Here, as everywhere else, he was a great favorite, and it was whispered about that he might have had his choice of the fairest flowers that decked

the theater and ball room night after night, but as yet he had not made a selection or favored any one by his exclusive devo-But one evening he met Muriel Morton, and after that evening everything was changed. She was spending several months with a friend, and long before her visit was drawing to a close the doctor had made up his mind that he had something to say to her, but somehow he never had mustered the courage to say it. Society stood astounded to see the man who had stood so calmly in the face of all the beauty, all the charm of the city's belles, surrender at last, surrender so completely. And yet, strictly speaking, Muriel Morton was not beautiful. There were fully a score or more "buds" and fuller blown blossoms who far outshone her. But hers was a beauty that did not depend for its charm on



GOING TO BRING A FRIEND. perfection of form and color. There was no decided beauty in her clear-cut irregular features, her pale complexion and her deep gray eyes. To be sure her brown hair was thick and fine and all quivering with golden lights; her figure tall and slender and she carried her well-shaped little head like a queen, but her real attraction was her spiritual beauty, the lofty refinement of mind and heart that spoke in her every look and gesture. Hers was one of those natures that respond with burning intensity to slightest sensations; a gorgeous sunset filled her soul to overflowing with glad-ness at its glowing beauty; a soft chord of music would set every fiber of her being quivering in unison with it, and it was this quick, deep sympathy and responsiveness that lent her her wonderful charm that gave her her wonderful influence over others, an influence more felt than known. True, she had schooled herself to hide at times the ebb and flow of her emotions under a cold exterior, but even at such times one felt that somewhere in the girl's heart there was a sweet sympathy—a sympathy worth gaining.
It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon and the sun

was pouring the full tide of its splendor in at the windows of the Broad Street Hospital, filling the airy wards, resting in benediction on the white caps of the nurses as they went on their ministering errands, hissing the pale cheeks of some weary sufferer or dancing over the thin fingers of some little child, who smiled as it felt the soft light touch. It havents to the soft, light touch. It brought a message to each. To some it whispered "courage," for they were to grow strong and work beneath its rays again. To others it said good-bye, for this was the last earthly sun they might look

upon. Dr. Bronson stood at the entrance to the children's ward. He was fully satisfied with the success of the visit and Miss Morton had been charmed with what she had already seen and she loved children, so that this ward would be sure to please her. They were bending over a bed now, in which a little boy was sitting propped up among his pillows. "This is Jimmy, the little lad who's such an artist." Muriel bent down and looked into the pale little face with its large, soft eyes. A sudden must came over her own as the A sudden mist came over her own as she stooped down, kissed the wan little cheek and then passed quickly on. Little Jim lay quite still for a few moments and held his breath; then he murmured: Ef I was one of those big fellers my doctor told me 'bout I'd make a picture of an angel jus' like her." Now, little Jim was the pet of the hospital. He was such a pathetic, gentle little fellow and yet so cheerful, so heroic and unselfish that, from the tinjest child to the politest patrones all feliers my doctor told me' bout I'd make a picture of an angel just like her." Now, little Jim was the pet of the hospital. He was such a pathetic, gentile little fellow and yet are descripted, so heroic and unsellish that, from the pet of the hospital. He was such a pathetic, gentile little fellow and pet one, glowing beauty and a rare girl of faccination. Lately he had developed quite a belief for drawing, and his sketches of his fellow sufferers were quite remarkable. A great many fair faces had bent over Jim's little cot and his beauty-loving eyes had drunk them in eagerly, but none had ever seemed hilf as lovely as the one that had just hen so side of his bed. "The best one of all has been seide of his bed." The best one of all has been here today—my doctor," he said, looking up into the gentle face bending over him, "there said by the bay window." The doctor looked up and met Muriel's eyes. The look of the look

vague restlessness, dissatisfied with himself and full of self-reproach. He never said anything to Muriel that would betray his love for her, but he often spoke of her to Gertrude, and told in glowing terms of her beauty, her loftiness of mind and pure ideals. Gertrude-soon discovered that he was in love with Muriel Morton, but she only knughed and said to herself. "Some she only laughed and said to herself: "Some talent. The doctor's wife will tell you that pretty school girl, who has captured his fancy for a time."

talent. The doctor's wife will tell you that they are the works of little Jim, and then you will hear of the artist of the Broad Street Hos-

As the days passed by and as Mrs. Lenain grew to know her physician better she saw that his ambition and talent would make him one day a distinguished man. She was fast learning to love him with as deep and sincere emotion as it was possible for her to feel. She saw all that he might become with the help of saw all that he might become with the help of the artist of the Broad Street Hospital and how he only lived a few short years after he came to live with his beloved doctor. She will tell you that it was little Jim who brought about the doctor's happiness and hers and show you the rude sketch that she values more than her finest painting—the little pencil saw all that he might become with the help of the artist of the Broad Street Hospital. he's oldish in some of his ways; never goes out nights or anything of that kind, though we all tried to make him. He might get up a pretty good practice if he wanted to, for he writes a good deal in medical journals and has quite a good deal in medical journals and has quite a reputation. He's a great favorite with all the hospital people, and some of the old ladies are forever begging him to settle down in private that his ambition and talent would make him one day a distinguished man. She was fast learning to love him with as deep and sincere emotion as it was possible for her to feel. She saw all that he might become with the help of her influence and wealth and redoubled her hospital people, and some of the old ladies are forever begging him to settle down in private to be a few three settle down in p her influence and wealth and redoubled her gers of the artist of the Broad Street Hospital



WHEN DR. BRONSON BROUGHT HIM A PACKAGE O DRAWING INSTRUMENTS. became more and more impatient to see Muriel was enough, she went back to the city. This and more anxious to talk of was her "coming out" year and she soon found It was late one evening when he returned from herself in a whiri of gayety, but it made but little impression on her, for she was always looking forward to the summer, when her aunt would go to Europe and she would return to the little village by the sea. If the thought of his lowliness and neverty ever crossed her mind it but served to spending the evening at Gertrude's boarding spending the evening at Gerrinde's boarding place that his mother told him of Muriel's ar-rival. He determined to see her early the next morning, but before daybreak he was called out to see a patient living at some considerable distance from the town. It was a troublesome case and he did not get back until late in the poverty ever crossed her mind it but served to strengthen the love in her loval little heart. If afternoon. As he drove into the village he remembered that he had promised Gertrude that he would drive her over to the cliffs at 3 o'clock. she ever compared him with the men of cul-He hurried home to have a fresh horse put in and to arrange his dress. He could have a few moments with Muriel before keeping his en-gagement, but when he looked at his watch he ound that it was fifteen minutes late. He hee. itated a moment. He had half a mind to break his appointment and go to see Muriel. But then he remembered how particular she was berself about such things and that she had often said she liked to see a person follow the line of their duty, even when it lay in the way of her pleasure. He decided to take Gertrude and tell Muriel all about it that evening. He thought of this meeting all that afternoon. When just at dusk he was driving into town he met Muriel and her aunt driving out toward the country. If he had been alone he would have turned around and joined them, but Gertrude was with him, so he contented himself with leaning far out of his buggy to smile and bow brightly. As for Muriel, she bowed coldly and formally and leaned back in the carriage so that in the dim light he could scarcely see her face. When the doctor arrived at home his mother told him that she had seen Muriel in the comparison was always in his favor. When the ball or theater party was over her thoughts never lingered long on the merriment just past, but before the carriage door was fairly closed she was living over again those delightful summer days, and when she laid her head on her pillow the afternoon and that she had gone to spend the evening with friends living a few miles from town. The memory of that long evening came back to him as he sat in his little study. days, and when she laid her head on her pillow her last thought was of the earnest eyes that had so often looked into hers, her last prayer for him who was so far away in the little seaside town. Finally the longed-for day arrived. She had sent no word to her friends of her coming, for she wanted it to be a surprise. All daying the journey she had pictured to How long those hours had seemed, for now he was truly anxious. He must see her. What was she thinking of him? He had not called on her yet, but she had seen him twice apparently absorbed in another woman. Several times he rose and paced the floor. On his desk lay a dainty volume bound in vellum. Gertrude had sent it just after they had re-All during the journey she had pictured to herself how he would look and what he would say when he first saw her. As she drove turned from the afternoon drive. She had marked the poem she wished him to read by a deep red rose, the kind she always wore—her city florist keeping her supplied with them. The little note that lay with it requested that the town she looked eagerly for his face, and then she saw him strolling down one of the quiet side lanes with a tall, stylish figure beside him. She couldn't see his face, but somehow a sink-ing feeling came over her and something the poem, as it was a short one, might be read, and that he would come over that evening and seemed suddenly to take her breath away. All tell her what he thought of it, but the book lay untouched until the heavy tience for his coming, while Aunt Betty told her perfume of the rose filled the room. Then the doctor threw the flower impatiently into the all the news, describing at length the coming of a beautiful young widow among them and street, and it was many days before the book the young doctor's devotion to her. The next afternoon she saw him again driving with the was returned. Next morning he did not wait for his breakfast before he sought to see Muriel, the mingled pain of wounded pride and sorrow was almost crushing her heart. That evening she received a telegram from her aunt that made both her and Aunt Betty start for New York, and would sail for Europe immediately. That was the end, for all the letters he sent came back unonened. The keeper to pack the household goods. She remembered so well the years spent in Europe. How she had said to herself over and over again that he did not love her, was not worthy of her, that it was all over, and yet how the found her that it was all over, and yet how the found her that it was all over, and yet how the found her that it was all over, and yet how the found her that it was all over, and yet how the found her that it was all over, and yet how the found her that it was all over, and yet how the found her that it was all over, and yet how the found her that it was all over, and yet how the found her that it was all over, and yet how the found her that it was all over, and yet how the found her that it was all over, and yet how the found her that it was all over, and yet how the found her that it was all over, and yet how the found her that it was all over, and yet how the found her that the found her that the morning for New York, and would sail for Europe immediately. That was the end, for all to comedian, for next winter he will bend his efforts to a revival of "Rip Van Winkie"—dear to refer to a revival of "Rip Van Winkie"—dear to a revival of "Rip Van Winkie"—dear to a revival of the Fifty-first Congress, Mr. Caswell of Wistomedian, for next winter he will bend his efforts to a revival of "Rip Van Winkie"—dear to a revival of the Fifty-first Congress, Mr. Caswell of Wistomedian, for next winter he will bend his efforts to a revival of "Rip Van Winkie"—dear to a revival of "Rip Van Winkie"—dear to a revival of the Fifty-first Congress, Mr. Caswell of Wistomedian, for next winter he will be defend he set the Fifty-first Congress and the Fifty-first Congress and the Fifty-first Congress and the Fifty-first Congress, M beautiful widow. Then he had forgotten her, and but only the old housekeeper met him with the news that Muriel and her aunt had started early that morning for New York, and would sail for son of "The Rivals" in Baltimore by the great the mingled pain of wounded pride and sorrow was almost crushing her heart. That evening she received a telegram from her aunt that made both her and Aunt Betty start for New

5.

THEY BOTH STARTED.

ure and position whom she met constantly,

heartache wascured. But why had her heart flut-tered so when she saw him standing by little

Jim's bed. It could not possibly be that she loved him now. She was only a school girl then, an inexperienced child, but now she was a woman, and considered a remarkably fascinating woman. Would she waste her love on the man who had caught her girlish fancy?

Ah no it could never he now she thought mit.

the man who had caught her girlish fancy?
Ah, no, it could never be now, she thought, with half a sigh. But when she awoke next morning her first thoughts were of the children's ward, and all day long the dark face, with its earnest eyes, flitted before her.

Little Jim was right, something did ail his doctor, for that evening as Percy Legrange sat in his little bare room his books and papers were untouched, and when at 2 o'clock one of the night nurses came to ask for some special

the night nurses came to ask for some special directions he was still up. His thoughts, like Muriel's, had flown back to the dear, delight-ful summer when first she had come

ful summer when first she had come into his quiet life. Ah, what castles in

Spain he had built in those bright days! What dreams he dreamt, only to wake to the sting-

ing reality that he was poor and unknown: that the path before him was a steep one. But

youth is courageous and not easily daunted, and so he determined to wait and work until he

should make his name one worth offering her. When the autumn came she went back to her city home. How bright her life there would

city home. How bright her life there would be in comparison to the poor life of this little town! All through the dreary winter he was tormented by the bitter thought that in the midst of all the gay scenes he would be forgot-ten or she would learn to look down on him and his poverty. He found no sympathizing spirit among the rough fisher folk among whom his work lay, and as he went on his daily rounds and looked out on the cold gray we and

ounds and looked out on the cold gray sea and

the barren hills and saw only poverty and suf-fering in the lowly cottages his heart grew heavy and his courage failed him.

Late in February, when winter was beginning

to loose its hold, a new face was seen in the vil-lage and a new chapter in Percy Legrange's

At the age of twenty-seven Gertrude Lenair

found herself in an extremely comfortable position in the world. A widow of three years

tanding she was possessed of a princely in-

ife opened.



n the little churchyard, and then, with nothing eft to care for but his profession, came to the nearest city and entered the Broad Street Hos-pital. As Dr. Bronson had said, he was a great favorite, and, had he chosen, could have been a welcome guest at any of the brilliant social gathwelcome guest at any of the brilliant social gatherings, but the only houses at which he called were those of the poor and suffering, and here he was a frequent visitor. A tew weeks before Muriel's vient to the hospital a rich and eccentric old gentleman who had taken a fancy to the young doctor died, and, having no family, had left his entire property to the young doctor. Such a rare piece of luck would have delighted most young men, but to Percy Legrange it made very little difference. If it had only come that first summer, he could not help thinking, he could have asked Muriel to marry him, and everything would have been so difhim, and everything would have been so dif-ferent, but now he did not care much. Here was a chance for him to start out on his private practice, but he kept his place at the hospital, and things had gone on as usual until today, when as he was examining his pet patient, he had raised his eyes and seen before him Muriel. The same Muriel of that long past summer, only somehow different; the same pure, sweet face, but wearing a calmer expression than it had worn before. For a moment as his eyes rested on her face the old delight and rapture came back again, but it gave place the next moment to a feeling of utter hopelessness. He could see her now as she stood there. How heaviiful she was how direifed and a see her. beautiful she was; how dignified and queenly! He loved her now as much, yes, more than he had loved her then. Now he had a name worthy of her acceptance, and yet, he said to himself, that it was all over and that it could

He loved her now as much, yes, more than he had loved her then. Now he had a name worthy of her acceptance, and yet, he said to himself, that it was all over and that it could never be. It was easy to see that Dr. Bronson was deeply interested in her. She would marry him and be happy, and with an aching heart he prayed that she might.

The next day little Jim was surprised and delighted when Dr. Bronson brought him a package of drawing instruments and paper and told him that the young lady who visited the ward yesterday had sent them. The child was delighted, and as it was one of his "good days" he immediately set to work to make a sketch of his beloved doctor. During the next few days he made several sketches, but they were all the

congress.

RIGHTS OF WOMEN The Effort to Secure a Constitutional

THE COMING CONVENTION

Amendment to Be Renewed.

Well-Known Women Who Will Be Here Elizabeth Cady Stanton to Preside-Twenty-Five Years of Effort-What the Association

frage Association will hold its annual convention in this city at All Souls' Church on January 17, 18, 19, 20. The average reader has in the theory that women should receive the housekeeper, but she certainly has a very grown accustomed to this announcement with same pay as men for the same labor. In the the coming of each new year and the presence Leland Stanford Junior University girls and retty home here among the pine trees, and she knows how to make it attractive and the of Congress in our midst. The two things are ynonymous, for with each convention there goes forth fresh appeals or, let us say, demands There are windows upstairs, down stairs and on every side, and each one has a touch of upon the national legislators for the enfranchisebeauty in it. The soft muslin curtains are tied ment of woman. The suffrage movement is back with strawberry ribbons: fastened to the entering upon its twenty-fifth year, old enough spindle-cornered rockers and fiddle-back in years to have itself firmly established as a chairs ease-inviting head rests and slumber bags covered with bright satins and velvets movement that will not be downed in the public mind, dignified and serious enough may be seen; upstairs one window sill is filled with white and yellow chrysanthemums, and a problem to have the best minds of another is gorgeous with scarlet geraniums in the age engage in its discussion and having achieved results in its quarter of a century of work that the most sanguine could not with soft brown hair, sitting in the sunlight gently rocking to and fro. Her back is toward have dreamed of, although the great object is the window pane, but her head is bent, and the object on her lap may be a book or somenot yet attained. The suffrage movement is widespread, thirty states and territories being represented in the last annual convention, and the object on her lap may be a book or some-thing vastly better than any love story that ever was written. Then there is another, a stronger picture, on the west side of the cot-tage, representing the living portrait of a man in whom the whole nation is interested. He sits at a small red-wood desk, the width of the sash, with a grill-work trimming running across the top, above which the characteristic the prospects for this one are that nearly all the forty states and six territories will have a

showing in this. THE HOPES OF THE CONVENTION. A couple of paragraphs from the call to this convention gives the most concise statement of

what it hopes to accomplish. "As in December the twelfth congress to which we have made an appeal will assemble the women of the entire nation should concentrate their influence on their respective Representatives and demand more earnestly than ever before a full recognition of their political rights as citizens of the United States. rom early morning until the daylight is gone e sits here with his pen and papers, as busy a faithful clerk. When you can't see his rights as citizens of the United States. The ecessary step to this end is the submission by Congress of a proposition for a sixteenth amendment to the national Constitution proibiting the disfranchisement of citizens in avenue to the cottage door, and while the car-penters are about the place it will not be surany state on account of sex.
"Though woman's struggle foremancipation

has been long and weary, yet her indomitable determination to secure the blessings of liberty has ever made the struggle hopeful, and mus make the end triumphant. With woman's present position in trades and professions, with school suffrage in half the states in the Union, municipal suffrage in Kansas and full suffrage in Wyoming, we behold the dawn of a brighter day for the mothers of the race. The discussion of the great principles of individual conscience and judgment in this republic for the last half century has given us a new type of womanking that can be given us a new type of womanking that can be given us a new type of womanking that can be given us a new type of womanking that can be given us a new type of womanking that can be given us a new type of womanking that can be given us a new type of womanking that can be given us a new type of womanking that can be given us a new type of womanking that can be given used to be considered. tice that the majority of the people about Lake-wood are either ill or infirm and err without thought. Of course the livery people know that they are intruding, yet they calmly take given us a new type of womankind that can no longer be subordinated to the caprice and tyr anny of the powers that be in the church o

> "Let us, then, with renewed hope and determination, assemble in the coming convention and with united voices make our demand heard.

WORK BEFORE CONGRESS. vivacity of "The Rivals" more than Joseph Now to get down to details. During the con-Jefferson, the actor. When not himself driving vention the House judiciary committee and the all care away from his hearers by his own deselect committee on suffrage will each give the lightful humor he watched the scenes now and then from one of the boxes with twinkling eyes hearing. The head of this committee is Susan and appreciative applause, than which no sweeter tribute of praise Sheridan, the playwright of old, ever received. Bob Acres, diwright of old, ever received. Bob Acres, divested of blond hair and towering curl papers, and Mrs. Jean Brooks Greenleaf. The history though still in the huntsman's "pink," was converted into the gentle, kindly man, as modest and retiring as if no laurels had ever been ever taken. A little later an adverse report verted into the gentle, kindly man, as modest and retiring as if no laurels had ever been won, as if no storm of public applause had ever filled his ears. Truly, a gentleman of the old school, if by the old school is meant all In the next Congress Hon. E. B. Taylor of Ohio

subject was more thoroughly discover had been before. WELL-KNOWN WOMEN COMING

One of the signs of the increase in the suffrage movement is that so many young women are taking hold of the work. About half of those who are upon the program for the coming convention are middle aged and younger. Of the pioneers in the cause Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone and Isabella Beecher Hooker are as well known as the cause itself—and yet being women, it is always easy to find something new to say about them. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the president of the association, will be here in spite of the fact that when she went abroad a few years ago few of her admirers, and she number them by housands, ever expected to feast their eyes of her face again. More than coming to the con-vention, she will be heard before it in one of her characteristic addresses, entitled "The Solitude of Self."

olitude of Self."

For Susan B. Anthony the years seem to be going backward. There is a legend to the effect that a couple of years ago, in this city, she celebrated her seventieth birthday. After a career of exceptional usefulness, hard work, uphill work much of it, constant travel, a public life in fact, she has just accomplished what she never yet had time to do, and that is to go housekeeping. "Aunt Susan," as all the suffragists affectionately call her, has always contended that a suffragist need not necessarily means a year or ind from the weekeeping. contended that a suffragist need not necessarily mean a poor or ind-fierent housekeeper. On the contrary, she brought thousands of examples to prove that being a good suffragist naturally implied the other. She is the latest great example herself. Susan and Mary Anthony went to housekeeping last summer in Rochester, and they are the happiest pair of women you can find anywhere. They give teas and dinners and luncheons ad libitum and their hospitable board presents many pleasant scenes. More board presents many pleasant scenes. More than all that, 17 Madison street, Rochester, means home for two busy women in the mids of surroundings to which they have been fa-niliar since their childhood.

AMONG THE YOUNGER MEMBERS. Of the younger women May Wright Sewall of Indianapolis is the best known. She is on the and is a regularly ordained minister in the Methodist Protestant Church. The M. P. Church is a split off from the M. E. and num-Church is a split off from the M. E. and numbers many more among its communicants than is generally supposed. After Miss Shaw was ordained the denomination was afraid it was a bad precedent and refused to perform the same rite for any other woman. Miss Shaw is an interesting speaker and is well known to Washington audiences.

Mrs. Lide Meriweather of Tennessee made a most favorable impression at the convention last year. She is a humorous talker and her speech on "The Silent Seven" was one of the hits.

Miss Anthony's strong associate on the con-gressional committee is Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton. Mrs. Upton is the daughter of Rep-resentative Taylor of Ohio. She is well known in social life and distinguished in the literary coterie of the capital. She is a ready and fluent writer on many topics.

writer on many topics, and has written that readable book, "Our Early Presidents; Their Wives and Children." On suffrage matters and indeed all public questions Mrs. Upton is well EX-SPEAKER REED'S VIEWS

Ex-Speaker Reed is a believer in woman suffrage. So are his wife and daughter. Miss Kitty Reed is young, but she keeps informed on current topics. Notlong ago she astonished her father by saying: "Father, it seem to me that you are growing lukewarm on the suffrage question." And the Hon. Thomas B. Reed laughed heartily when he told the story on himlaughed heartily when he told the story on himself. He was also asked if he thought women were any nearer getting their rights than they were twenty-five years ago and his answer was: "Yes, twenty-five years nearer. But when? Well, in in the ordinary course of events it is likely to be a long way off yet, but some day there might come a great question to settle when the women may be asked their will. It may come then in a single day."

PROMINENT WOMEN INTERESTED many official people interested in woman suf-frage as now. Many of them are members of state organizations, many more are in sym-pathy with the movement and do not make open avowal, either because it is not yet quite

Mrs. Carey says that the privilege of voting has made the women in Cheyenne, where her home is, certainly not less womanly nor attractive than they were before, but has, on the contrary, elevated in every sense the home, where woman is the queen. In her own experience she has found that the general tone of drawing-room topics has merged from small details, of which women's lives are so greatly made up, into the discussion of the projects which for the moment are interesting the best minds of all countries. National politics are understood and discussed in the most intelligent way by women, and the introduction of gent way by women, and the introduction o the woman element into local and state politics has already wrought magnificent results.

Mrs. Senator Dolph has voted at school elec-

Airs. Senator Dolph has voted at school elec-tions in Oregon. Mrs. Senator Pettigrew al-ways attends the conventions. Mrs. Senator Allen of Washington say she does not remem-ber when she did not believe in suffrage. Mrs. Blair was always an ardent suffragist. Mrs. Senator Hawley used to attend the meetings THE NATIONAL AMERICAN WOMAN SUFand feel strongly upon the subject. Mrs. Stan-ford has always been interested in every part women are admitted upon the same standing as boys and men and the same advantages in

every detail are open to them.

Mrs. Greenleaf, whose husband is the Repre Mrs. Greenical, whose husband is the view sentative from Rochester, N. Y., is president of the New York State Suffrage Society.

Mrs. Burrows believes in the political equality of the sexes, but has never identified herself

with any state or national society.

It is to be presumed that Mrs. Clark, wife of Representative Clark of Wyoming, voted for him, a privilege which only women in this new-

fledged state can enjoy. DISTRICT SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION. The District Suffrage Association was never

ganization appreciate thir advantages," said a lady who is interested in suffrage and who be-longs to a state association. "In our state, longs to a state association. "In our state which is a fair representative of all state asso ciations, most local societies pay 25 cents into the state treasury, and the state pays 10 cents into the National American treasury. The District association only pays its 10 cents into the National American association and has the remainder for its own work. Then most of the states employ organizers at a moderate salary.

The District association has no work of this kind. The state associations during the session of their respective legislatures have commit-tees at the capital to look after their interests Then in every state earnest women of moderate means lay by money, a little at a time, to use in the expenses of their annual visit to the captal, so as to meet women interested like them-selves in woman's advancement all along the line. The District women have all these ad-vantages right at hand. The president of the District society is Mrs. Ella M. S. Marble and under her direction it has taken a much more active part in enforce authorities. active part in suffrage matters than it ever did

The District of Columbia suffrage women will tender the national women a reception. This will be held at the parlors of Wimodaughsis, where of late many organizations have been holding receptions.

Written for The Evening Star. Mocking at Love. A minstrel fair, With golden hair And eyes of dreamy blue, Whose song and lute Were seldom mute, Save when he paused to woo, Thus often to himself would sing: "I laugh at love-do It A flower of spring-a passing wing-A shade—and so good-byel' Alack the day Sir Minstrel gay Met queenly Isadorel He sighed, he wept;

"O, well I love-do I! But fairest things have fleetest wings-A glance-and so good-bye!" -SEATON DONOHO Washington, January, 1892. IT KEEPS THIEVES WELL INFORMED. How Some Men Unthinkingly Reveal Facts

Her heart she kept,

Now often to himself he sings:

Disdainful evermore!

It is Unsafe to Tell. From the Chicago Tribune.

The head of one of the oldest and most im-"I much wish that our younger business

men would exercise a keener appreciation of how injudicious it is to voluntarily appear in print by giving accurate information regarding such matters as the days on which their establishments have the most cash on hand, the mails in which they usually make their heaviest shipments of cash, and all that sort of thing. Only this week a young bank official did all of this and more. Not only did he name the days that the institution with which he is connected has the most cash on hand and makes its heaviest transfers of moneys to the post and express offices, but he gave the same information regarding two or three other in-

stitutions of a similar nature.

"There have been other cases where the same thing has been done by young men. It is seriously wrong, wholly and entirely unbusiness-like. To do so simply means the giving of valuable and otherwise wholly unattainable pointers to the highwaymen from whom we are hearing with such alarming frequency and in so serious a manner of late. Were an officer or employe connected with our institution to do employe connected with our institution to do anything of the kind he or I would immediately sever connection with that institution. The man guilty of doing such a thing, either wittingly or unwittingly, instantly forfeits all being blue. Such a man is either a fool or a knave, and neither should hold a position of trust. Most sincerely do I hope that our young men will be more on their guard as to this thing in the future."

SAYING NICE THINGS. Complimentary Speeches Made by Historical

Characters. From the London Standard. There is a delicious story told of an old minister of the Church of Scotland who was often obliged to employ assistants during the latter part of his life. One of these was rather vain

of his qualifications as a preacher, but affected to be quite embarrassed by any compliments he received on that score. On his first appearance after the sermon the old divine went the collection to be shown at the fair. board of lady managers of the world's fair and is president of the National Woman's Council. Rev. Anna H. Shaw is the national lecturer short of high-flown praise, the young man exclaimed: "My good sir, no compliments, no compliments, I beg." "Na, na," replied the parson: "nowadays I'm glad o' anybody." How far this decidedly left-handed compliment fell short of the recipient's anticipation he alone could tell, but his feelings must have been somewhat similar to those of that tedious orator who, having been in vain told by Henry IV of France that he would be obliged to him if he would make his flattery as brief as possible, was at length crushed by the king rising and saying: "You must be kind enough to say the rest to M. Guillaume" (the court fool). In the world's history compliments have oft-times played an important part—sovereigns, statesmen, courtiers, scholars and all others of the great human family disdaining not the use of flattering speech to gain their ends. A good instance is the following: An English nobleman who, after the manuer of his peers, had married a beautiful actress, once applied with much dignity in the green room to Mr. Sheridan for the arrears of her salary and vowed that he would not stir till they were paid. "My dear lord," said the impecunious manager, "this is too bad; you have taken from us the brightest jewel in the world, and you now quarrel with us for the little dust she has left behind her." The nobleman immediately burst out laughing and over a bottle of wine the debt was canceled.

Fontenelle, when ninety years old, passed beclaimed: "My good sir, no compliments, no

ing and over a bottle of wine the debt was canceled.

Fontenelle, when ninety years old, passed before Mme. Helvetius without perceiving her.

"Ah!" cried the lady, "that is your gallantry, then?
To pass before me without even looking at me!" "If I had looked at you, madame," replied the old beau, "I could never have passed you at all."

To be culogized when dead is more often the lot of man than to be praised in life, but surely a quainter compliment was never paid a dead man than was received by Talleyrand, for when his demise was announced to one of

when his demise was announced to one in acquaintances the latter exclaimed: "E must have had some good reason for dying! think I will be at least ill myself," and fort think I will be at least ill myself," and forth-with went to bed. Yet another compliment to a dead man was uttered by the Marchioness of —, who, when told that the celebrated physi-cian Borden had been found dead in his bed exclaimed: "Ah! death was so afraid of him that he did not dare attack him except when

Edward Nichols, president of the Brooks for comotive works, died at Dunkirk, N.Y., on Mon day morning after a few days' illness with

MILLIONS OF YEARLING FISHES.

or Fishes Are Now Given a Year's Growth Before Being Let Go. ling fishes have been planted this year in was made with the planting of 13,000 "finger- wonder that some people should still care to lings;" that is, fishes which had attained a season's growth.

ALL TO BE NURTURED POR A TEAR.

Before long all the fishes artificially prope gated for planting in this country will be allowed to get a year's growth before they are let loose. It has been found that one acre of let loose. It has been found that one acre of water will accommodate 500,000 fry from the time they are hatched to the condition of fingerlings. Under such circumstances 50 per cent of the baby fishes survive the season, at the end of which they are able to take care of the man vowed vengeance on her and all others such as a witness of the deed, and, whatever may have been her personal feelings in the matter, she refused to shield the principal, and it was on her evidence that her husband went to the state's prison.

The man vowed vengeance on her and all others who had a hand in his conviction and themselves and have passed the danger point. themselves and have passed the danger point. In other words, when permitted to escape and look out for themselves in the streams or elsewhere they mostly escape destruction and reach mature fishhood.

SHAD FOR RIVERS. Pretty soon this plan will be exclusively purwill be established suitable ponds. The fish commission will simply hatch out the fry and send them immediately to these preserves, where they will be permitted to grow to a in so flourishing a condition as it is now. "I hardly think the members of the District or-

be murderer should succeed in tracking her down there is a serious question whether he finger's length before they are let go only grow during the warm season, so that at the end of four months, when hatched in spring, they are yearlings in size. A pond 100 have not yet learned her real one. She is a acres in extent will accommodate 50,000,000 of good enough neighbor, neither lending nor shad fry, and at the end of 120 days communication with the river can be opened and 25,000,000 little fishes will swim merrily away, to return in future years of a marketable size.

UNLIMITED QUANTITIES OF SHAD EGGS

Are always obtainable in the season and as always obtain the season and as always obtained the season as always obta shad fry, and at the end of 120 days communication with the river can be opened and 25,000,000 little fishes will swim merrily away,

are always obtainable in the season, and as and its name is a potent spell whereby to con many millions of them can be hatched in glass trol unruly picksninnies.

So she lives, hiding from the fate which will sured by artificial culture in any river is only limited by the pond area used. A majority of all the fingerlings let go will certainly live to grow up and swell the schools which annually visit the streams for spawning. Exactly the same proposition applies to other kinds of fishes. The fish commission is at present rear-ing trout and salmon on a like principle and with similar results. A large po ing prepared at Gloucester, Mass., for stocking with newly hatched codfish, which will be pu along the New England coast will be greatly ore, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press.

The father was a rough man with company to the control of the con AS TO LOBSTERS.

The same method would be tried with lob- less lips. sters, but for the fact that these pugnacious crustaceans cannot be made to grow up to- the light that flashed from their reddish balls! gether peaceably. You put a dozen newly specimens into an aquarium and within a few days there will be only one—a large, fat and promising youngster. He has eaten all the rest. Therefore baby lobsters have to be let loose in the ocean when they are just out of the egg, and in this plan not much profit is found, he drew back and huddled himself together in because they are quickly gobbled by fishes. The fish commission is hatching 5,000,000 of young lobsters yearly. When females carrying eggs out o' here, now, an' don't you waste a minit or lobsters yearly. When females carrying eggs are caught the ova are scraped off the swimmerets and kept in a sort of water incubator until the funny little creatures burst the shells. once upon a time, not many years ago, twenty-five pound lobsters were not infrequently captured, and there is record of forty-quently captured, and there is record of forty-what you stoppin' fur? Git!" pound specimens, but such giants are no longer seen, because they do not have a chance to get very big before they are taken by the fisher-

STOCKING STREAMS AND PONDS. One of the most profitable branches of the fish commission's work consists in stocking the streams, ponds and lakes all over the west with the native fishes of the Mississippi valley. They are taken in great quantities in puddles big and small, where they are left by the retreating waters after the floods and are shipped alive to various parts of the Union. Thus black bass, rock bass, pike, perch, crappies, spotted catfish and other species are being distributed throughout the United States very plentifully. Tout of six kinds have recently and the struck it would have been ablest to the first to the ship of the control of plentifully. Trout of six kinds have recently

practically bare of fish TWO BIG NEW FISH

Recent Acquisitions by the Fish Cor for the World's Fair. THOSE WHO SAIL UPON THE SEA AND

I fish in the waters thereof have always enjoyed exceptional advantages in the discovery of wonders. The fisherman who make their headquarters at Gloucester, Mass., often catch rare and interesting creatures on their trawls while pursuing their occupation at the Grand Banks and on other great shoals off the coast. Accordingly, the United States fish commission appealed to them recently for aid in preparing a collection of marine and fresh-water fisher which is to be an important feature of its exhibit at the world's fair at Chicago. As a result, one exceedingly rare and another entirely

new species has been secured. One of these is called the "lampris," and is in these waters. It looks somewhat like the an enormously exaggerated scale, weighing fully 300 pounds. In color it is most brilliant, fully 300 pounds. In color it is most brilliant, being painted in vivid tints of red, white and blue. The fins are crimson, the back sky blue and the sides of an iridescent whiteness.

The other fish is the "escolar" of the Canary Islands, which is so highly prized there for food that it is considered cheap at \$1 a pound. It is not so very uncommon in the warm waters of the globe, but has never been caught here before. In appearance it is not very

here before. In appearance it is not very striking, being grayish brown in color; but its body is completely covered with an armor of small bony plates, each of which projects outward in two sharp points. The specimen cap-tured measured over six feet in length and had a mouth big enough to take in a fair-sized salmon.

Both of these fishes were taken on the Grand

Banks in water more than 1,000 feet deep. Their skeletons have been preserved for the National Museum. Before being dissected models were made from them and painted for

Couldn't Get That Class of Men. From the Chicago Tribune.

She was a fashionably dressed woman, and

she was evidently angry. When she had secured the attention of the street railway official she indignantly stated her case. "As I understand it, madam," he said when she had finished, "you were standing on the corner when the street car came along."

"Yes, sir: I was waiting for it."
"But it didn't stop?"
"It didn't even slow up. It went right by." "Did the driver see you?"
"Certainly he did. He looked straight at

"And of course you signaled him to stop."
"Signaled him to stop!" she exclaims
"Why, wasn't I standing on the corner?"

"Not at all, but you see—"
"Do I look like a woman who stands street corner for amusement?"
"No, indeed, but occasionally a woman stops on a corner for a moment to wait for a car to go by before she crosses the street. Sometimes she is simply trying to decide where she will go

Yes, but your driver, sir, ought to "I know, I know," he interrupted. "We have ried to get that kind of men for drivers, but we couldn't do it. They wanted too much money. We have two on the line, but we couldn't get any more."
"What are you talking about, sir?" she asked

sharply.

"Mind readers, madam; mind readers. This man never claimed to be one, so I don't know that I can—"

The Cause of It. Boireau met Mme. Calino rece ras out walking with her little boy. "Good day, madame. Is that very l

"I wouldn't think so, for he don't s you a bit."
"There's nothing strange about the see he's my son by my first husband."

A FRAMEWORK FOR A ROMANCE

A Strange Story of the Woman Hermit on Other Side of the Potom TWO AND A HALF MILLIONS OF YEAR- ON A LONELY BIT OF PINE-FRINGED read just across the Potomac and not far the waters of the United States by the fish from the city there stands a rude apology for commission. This statement is more remarks. a house, a more frame lean-to, that at first ble than it may seem. Up to 1886 all the fishes | sight seems deserted. Closer investigation, artifically hatched by the government were however, is always challenged by a gaunt pack turned into the rivers and lakes to shift for of half a dozen dogs, and this usually brings themselves as soon as they were out of the out their owner, a woman looking scarcely less eggs. Consequently nearly all of them were wild, who eyes all visitors, especially men, devoured, and out of every thousand young with sullen distrust. On her story hangs the fry but few were expected to survive and reach | tale, one of those sorry tales of every-day life maturity. Five years ago a first experiment that carries a dull ache with it and makes us

> It seems that years ago this victim of circumstances was living happily—that is to say, at least like the rest of the world, perhaps even a little better, and envied by, may be, those less fortunate. In a quarrel with which she had

others who had a hand in his conviction and swore to kill her on sight after his release. As the years passed on the fear of his threat grew upon her and she moved from place to place in hopes of throwing him off the trail. Finally the thought baunted her to the extent of driving her from society, and as the time for sued in the propagation of shad for stocking the rivers. Conveniently near to each stream cabin with a few chickens and a pack of victors dogs for pets and companions.

She goes armed, it is said, and if the would-

> would be the victor or the victim. Her present name is of course assumed and people living within a mile of her for the past year or more

soon be seeking her, but if it takes her unaware it will be more than any other visitor in that region has yet been able to

"HOW MANY CARDS DID YOU SAY? An Incident of Low Life in an Idaho Minin Town. "Pop?"

A little boy stood beside a gambling table into the sea as yearlings. In this way it is hoped that the catch of this valuable food fish dressed this trembling word to one of the playlong ago in an Idaho mining town and ad-The father was a rough man with great, sinewy hands, a grizzled face and thin, merci

But his eyes-how vicious and utterly lost "Say, pop, when you goin' home?" Again the timid voice came to the rough

I'll be the death o' you. Are you goin'? Slowly, sadly, the little fellow walked to the saloon door. Then he paused to look back, and found those vicious red eyes

still fixed upon him, and the voice came to And gulping down a sob that was rising in his throat the boy passed through the door. For another hour the players silently played

their cards, and the rough man said as he too the pack in his habos:
"How many cards, Pete?" But before Pete could reply there came the quivering words:

"Pop, hain't you mos' done?"
The rough man cried out an oath and turned.

There was devilishness in the red eyes, and had he struck it would have been a blow to then came the noise of a scuille from an ad joining table.
"Ole Copper is havin' it out with Big Jerry,

volunteered a bystander.
A moment later a pistol shot was heard—one shot was all-a shot that laid the little boy wit shot was all—a shot that had the latter tembling voice low on the saloon floor. A higher power had made of Big Jerry an instrument in consummating a merciful deed.

"Good God, Ike," cried Pete, "Big Jerry has

killed yer boy!"

Not the quiver of a muscle, not a shadow of expression crossed the rough man's stolid face. He cast one glance of his vicious red eye toward the little, lifeless heap on the floor, then draw-ing a revolver be turned it upon Big Jerry and shot him dead where he was standing.
"Blood for blood," he muttered, catching up

the pack once more with his snewy ha "How many cards did you say, Pete?" Knew How To Manage Children From the Chicago Tribune.

She said that she was utterly worn out when

he asked her how she was feeling; that that boy

was enough to drive a saint distracted and that the first of its kind known to have been taken she didn't know what she could do to make him He said that the boy was not quite three years old and ought to be easily managed. It was his opinion that she had not sufficient firm-

ness, that she gave in too easily when the boy began to cry.
And then and there he undertook to give her a lesson in the handling of children.
Willie was in his high chair at the table and Willie wanted something. Willie was formed that he could not have it and Wi began to yell. The father immediately

came stern.

"Stop that, Willie," he said sharply, but
Willie did not stop.

"Stop that or you'll have to leave the
table!" he exclaimed. Still Willie did not

"Now, I presume you would give in," be said to his wife, "but that isn't my way. We'll fight it right out on this line, and the next time I speak he'll know that I mean business."

She said nothing, and he got up, took Wilhe out of his high chair, and put him down on the

floor.

"When you stop crying," he said, severely,
"I'll put you back in your chair."

But Willie kept right on; in fact he yelled louder than ever.
"Willie," said his father at last, "if you don's stop that you'll have to leave the room. I sup-pose you think that's cruel, Jane," he added, "but if we fight it out now we'll have no further

trouble. It's the only way."

She made no reply, and he again got up and carried the struggling, screaming Willie into spother room. "When you can be quiet, Willie, you may come back," he said.

It was five or ten minutes later that he looked up from his after-dinner coffee and asked:

"Do you suppose the boy will make himself sick by his crying?" She shook her head. He stood it for a few minutes longer, and

then be gave in.

"Perhaps, Mrs. Brinker!" he exclaimed as he opened the door and brought the boy back—"perhaps you are heartless enough to let you son cry himself into a fit. Perhaps you have

son cry himself into a fit. Perhaps you have no nerves to be unstrung by such infernal yelling. Hush, Willie, it's all right now—but I am built on a different plan. Mrs. Brinker, on an entirely different plan—shut up, you imp!"

"But a little firmness, James—"

"Mrs. Brinker!"

"If you fight it out once, you know—"
He put Willie down on her lap, grabbed his hat, and started out, and as he was closing the front door he heard her call softly after him:

"Whenever you have any valuable ideas on the management of children, James—"

Then he slammed the door. If he had waited he would have found that she had Willie quiet in five minutes and asleep in ten.

From the Detroit Free Press.

When a lady on Davenport street ope side door in answer to a knock she found a shivering specimen of the genus tramp there.
"Please, madam," he began with much suav-

ity, "I am most starves,"
bite to eat?"

"My poor fellow," said the lady kindly, "I have nothing in the house but a very small quantity of rye—"

"O, madam," exclaimed the delighted tramp "if there is anything I dote on it is clear genooine, old-fashioned rye—"

"Bread; you shall have the heel of the loaf here it is," and she handed him a piece of printed rye bread that would have taxed the gestion of a brass monkey.

Then she softly closed the dose.